

## A Home-Made Fable

Once upon a time in a small village of India the people, who had been felicitating themselves upon the large crop of rice which had been raised during the season just closed, and, as people who live in India need little except rice, everybody was happy over the thought that his loved ones were provided for; A MAN EATING TIGER APPEARED.

The first day the tiger carried off a child, the next day a woman, the third day another child, and so on, each day the tale of sorrow grew, until the village was turned from a community of happy souls free from care, into one of sorrow and dread.

Every house was a house of mourning, for being a small village each one was affected by the sorrow of his neighbor, or by the loss of his playmate or friend.

Added to this was the terrifying uncertainty about the safety of his particular loved ones, that possessed the head of each household, for the tiger was omnivorous in his taste and no respecter of persons.

One day, the man who FIRST SAW THE TIGER AND RAISED THE ALARM in the village, again appeared on the principal street. He was a giant in stature, and his sinewy limbs and muscular chest bore witness to his great strength. In his right hand he carried an enormous spear, in his left a net made of thongs of elephant hide, and in his girdle glittered a long knife sharpened to a razor edge.

Slowly walking to the most conspicuous corner he brandished his spear,



halloed in a loud voice and waved his net until every soul in the village gathered near him to learn WHAT HAD MADE HIM CRAZY.

Seeing that he held the attention of all and that there was no one missing from the crowd, he lifted up his voice and thus spoke to them: "Fellow Indians: As you all know, I have been a member of the Ivory Club for many years. You know that we do not open the sessions of that club with an invocation to Budda, nor close them with a passage from the sanskrit Book of Nepal.

"You are, probably, on to the fact, that the only motto the Ivory Club can call its own is the one reading, 'Get the other fellow's ivory, before he annexes yours.' You are, most likely, wise to the circumstance that, in living up to the motto of the club, I have always played the game as it had to be played—TO GET THE IVORY. You are by this time next to me and my ways. I have never lied to you or made a promise I did not keep. I want to say this morning that this constant reaching for the ivory has developed my arms, as the carrying of it away has built up leg and chest power.

"I am, therefore, the best equipped man in the village to 'buck this tiger,' and I am here to tell you that I am GOING OUT FOR HIS PELT. I don't want anybody to go into the tiger's lair with me, all I want you to do is name me the Champion Tiger Hunter of Himalaya Slope, and trust your lives, (in so far as they are endangered by the tiger) to yours truly. Now, as this tiger probably has a tough hide, I ask all of you who have long sharp knives to put them where I can get at them if I need them. You can get them again when you want them. I have said."

Now, would you believe it? there were some in that village who did not want to call this Indian, Champion Tiger Slayer of the Himalaya Slope, and who wanted to lend their knives to somebody else, while the volunteer was doing the tiger hunting.

We made this fable up out of our own head but it is true every word of it—to life.

Something like this happened last week in Jacksonville when holders of life insurance policies met in the Board of Trade Rooms.

Don't YOU be like the men in the Indian village.  
GIVE YOUR PROXY TO LAWSON.

## Publicity, the People's Weapon

We do not agree with the editor of the Ocala Banner when he advises the editor of the True Democrat (of Tallahassee) to stop publishing the things done by the Jennings administration, that look bad, and turn his attention to the doings of the present administration.

That is, we do not agree with ALL OF THE ADVICE given by the Ocala editor to his Tallahassee brother.

We agree with the last part about turning the light of publicity on the acts of the present administration.

THIS ADVICE IS GOOD. For the acts of ALL PUBLIC SERVANTS SHOULD BE KNOWN TO THE PEOPLE, and reputable newspapers are the mediums through which the people can most easily be informed.

We DO NOT AGREE with the first part of the Ocala advice, about dropping the investigation into the acts of the Jennings administration, on the ground that it is past and gone.

THIS ADVICE IS BAD, because if followed it would result in withholding from the people information they are justly and properly entitled to.

If the investigation now being prosecuted by the True Democrat shows that Jennings while Governor committed wrong or illegal acts, or allowed others to commit them, it is NOT TOO LATE TO PUNISH HIM.

If the investigation shows that Jennings conducted his office to the honor and advancement of the people of the State, IT IS NOT TOO LATE to reward him by praise, office or otherwise.

By all means LET US HAVE LIGHT, though it is late in coming.

Man is but human even if he be elected to office, and if he KNOWS THAT ALL HIS ACTS are liable to be exposed to public view, he is bound to more carefully guard against the liability to err that all flesh is heir to.

## A Word to the County Superintendent

Duval County needs a man at the head of the public schools.

We do not know Mr. H. H. Palmer, the new appointee, and cannot express any opinion as to his qualifications for the office.

Owing to the fact that Mr. Palmer is now a public servant, and, as such, subject to the orders of his masters, the people, we will venture to give Mr. Palmer our idea of what constitutes a man worthy to hold this important office.

He must be possessed of—

CHARACTER—for with this endowment he can command the respect of those placed in his charge.

REFINEMENT—because lacking this quality he will wrongly influence the minds of children who are susceptible of influence good and bad.

FIRMNESS—with which to deal successfully with the perplexing problems arising from the complex characters of children.

JUDGMENT—to decide what is best to be done for the good of the children entrusted to his care.

TACT—to do what has to be done with the least possible friction.

EDUCATION—that will fit him for the proper choosing of the teachers, the courses of study and the books best adapted to accomplish the great object of his office.

We realize that the foregoing is a difficult specification, and that the oil will give out in the Diogenes lantern before the man is found who can measure up to all the counts in it.

We make this little talk in the hope that Mr. Palmer will question himself about the things we have here set down, and prepare himself to fill the specification of a county superintendent.

This county has not, of late, been favored with that happy combination of the place and the man best fitted to fill it in the county superintendent's office. Glenn was not.

Elzey was not.

Both possessed admirable qualities of head and heart, each measured up to the specification in many respects, but neither combined in his personality ENOUGH OF THEM to mark him as the BEST MAN for the place—and the best man is wanted for this place above all others.

Let not the man who has been deemed best fitted, and who has been given this position regard it as a meal ticket. It is important enough to occupy his time.

To the man who will put his soul into this work, there is offered an opportunity to make such an impress on this community, as will cause his name to be remembered when that of the captain of industry, or the great legal light will be numbered among the echoes of the rayless caverns of obscurity.

The right man in this office can bring the public schools to a high standard of excellence.

There is no better work than this, and none that will so irrigate his soul with the sweet waters of content that flow to him who labors for the good of his fellows.

Turning to the prosaic side of this question of a choice of a superintendent, we are reminded that the Beef Trust, having recovered from the gentle chiding administered by the court, is still with us, horns, hoof and tail. If man cannot live by bread alone, it is not unlikely that "the waters of content" however sweet they may be, will fail to sustain him.

This reflection causes us to remark that the salary at present attached to the office, is not sufficient to tempt the right man to continue to hold it. These "right kind of men" are, as a rule, earning much more money in other occupations.

This, fortunately, is a matter that can be remedied without difficulty or delay. The Board of Public Instruction HAS THE FIXING OF THE SALARY OF THE SUPERINTENDENT.

A new disease has developed among the New York smart set since the visit of that dear Battenberg. It affects the hinges in the hind legs. Doctors are looking for a name for it. Here's a suggestion—call it—"Syncopantic-Genusflexamy."

Not very graceful in some of the citizens of Lake City casting doubt on the constitutionality of the Buckman Bill AFTER Lake City lost the university location. Afterthoughts are generally the best, but this time the rule don't work.